

3

THE **BLACK HOOD**  
WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--

NO.  
42

TOP-NOTCH

DEC.  
10¢

# Laugh

comics



**DOTTY  
DITTO**



Señor  
**SLESTA**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



POKEY

COCKEY

AFTER BREAKING UP A BOGUS MEDICINE SHOW GANG, WHO WERE FLEEING THE INHABITANTS OF CATFISH CREEK, POKEY THE HILL-BILLY SHERIFF IS APPROACHED BY A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER !!!

by Don  
Deon.

QUITE A SKIRMISH YOU HAD WITH THOSE RUFFIANS, LAD! MAY I GIVE YOU A LIFT? I AM DOCTOR ZOOK!

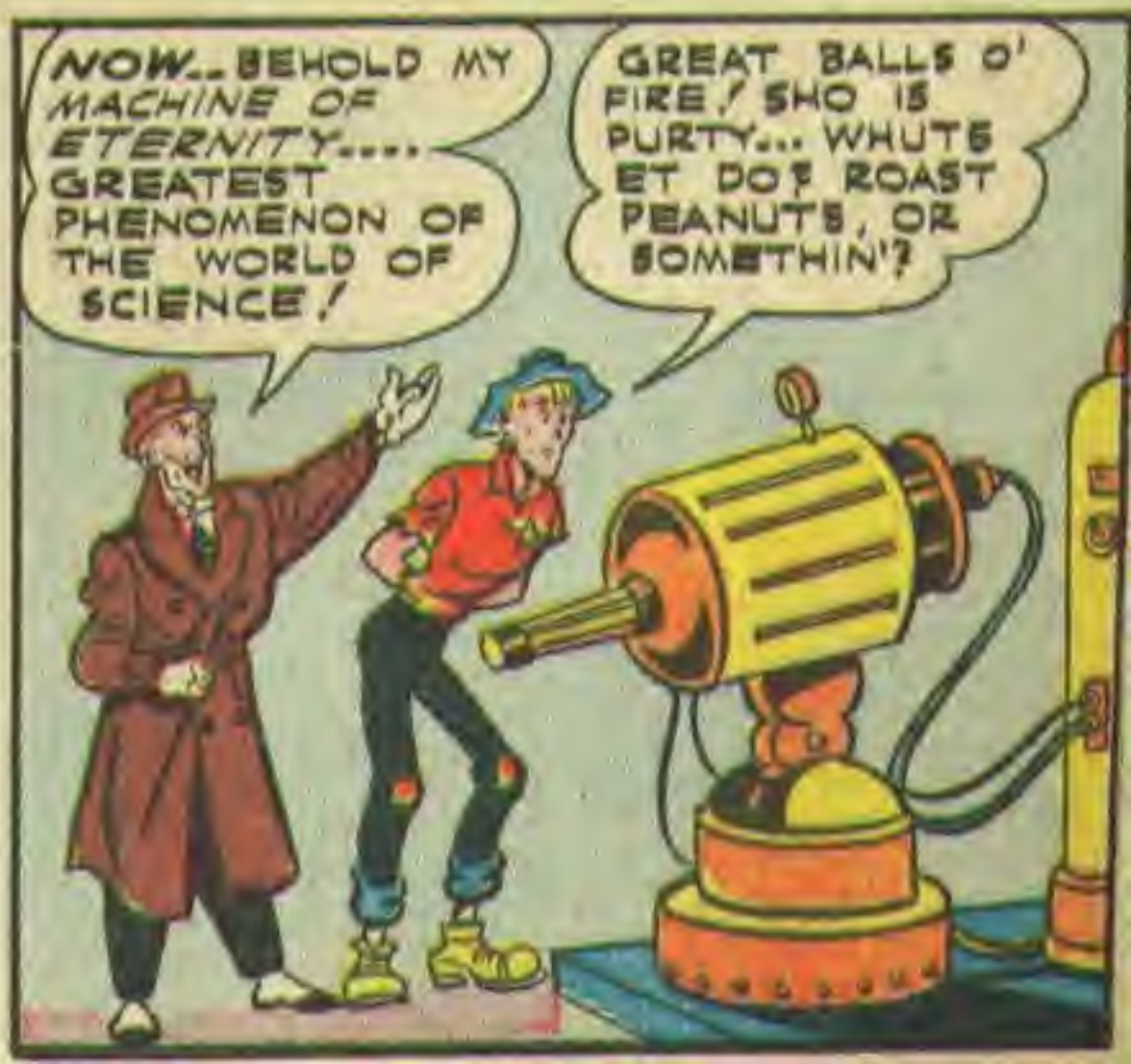
MANY THANKS, SUH, DON'T MIND EFFIN' AH DO RIDE A PIECE WIFF YO'!

YOUR PROFESSION AFFORDS YOU A GOOD MANY THRILLS, I WILL WAGER, EH, MY LAD?

NOPE ET HAIN'T NUFFIN' TO BEIN' A SMALL TOWN'S SHURIFF! AH WISH'T AH LIVED IN THE OLD DAY WHEN THAR WERE **REAL** DESPERADOS!







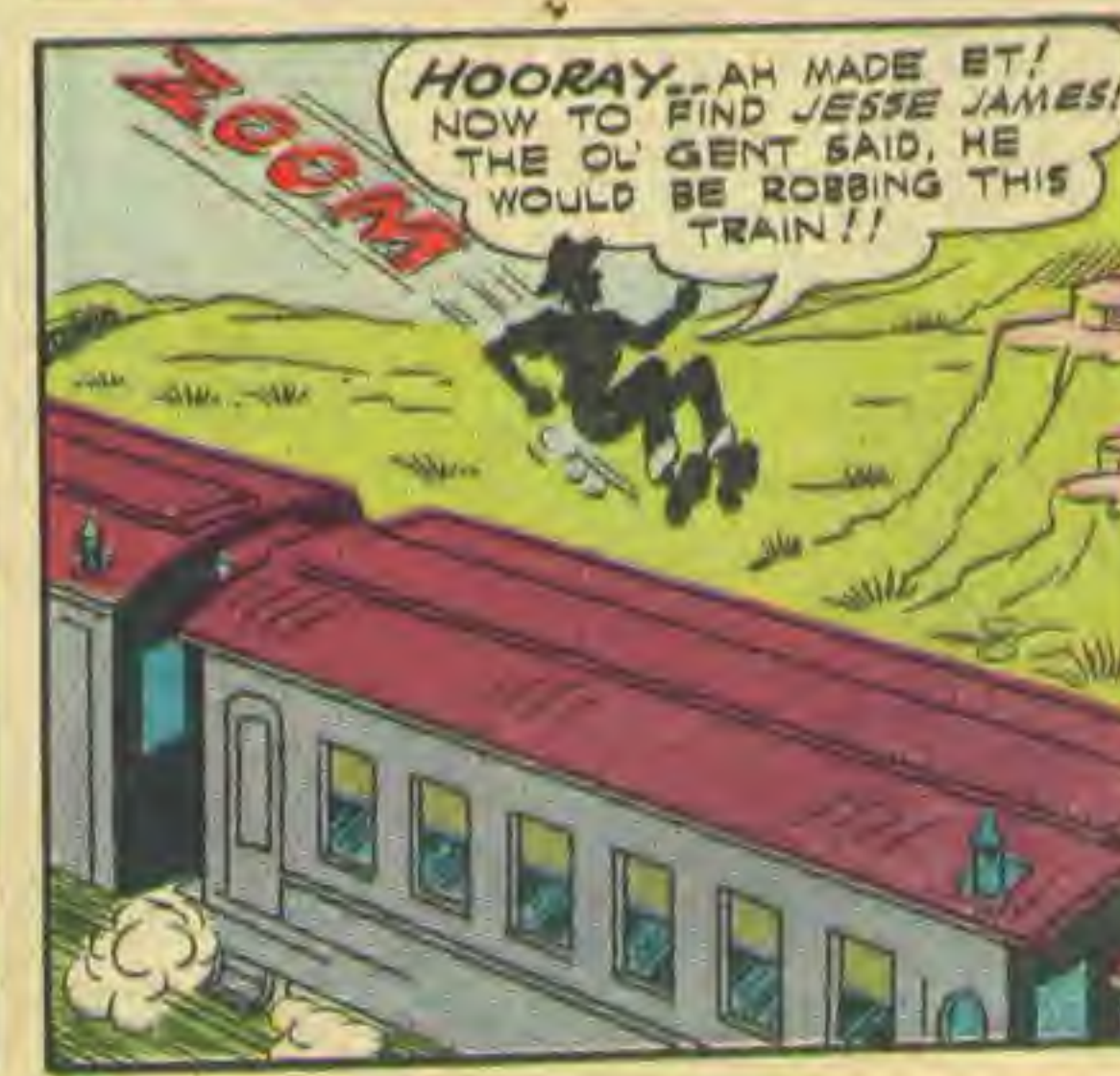
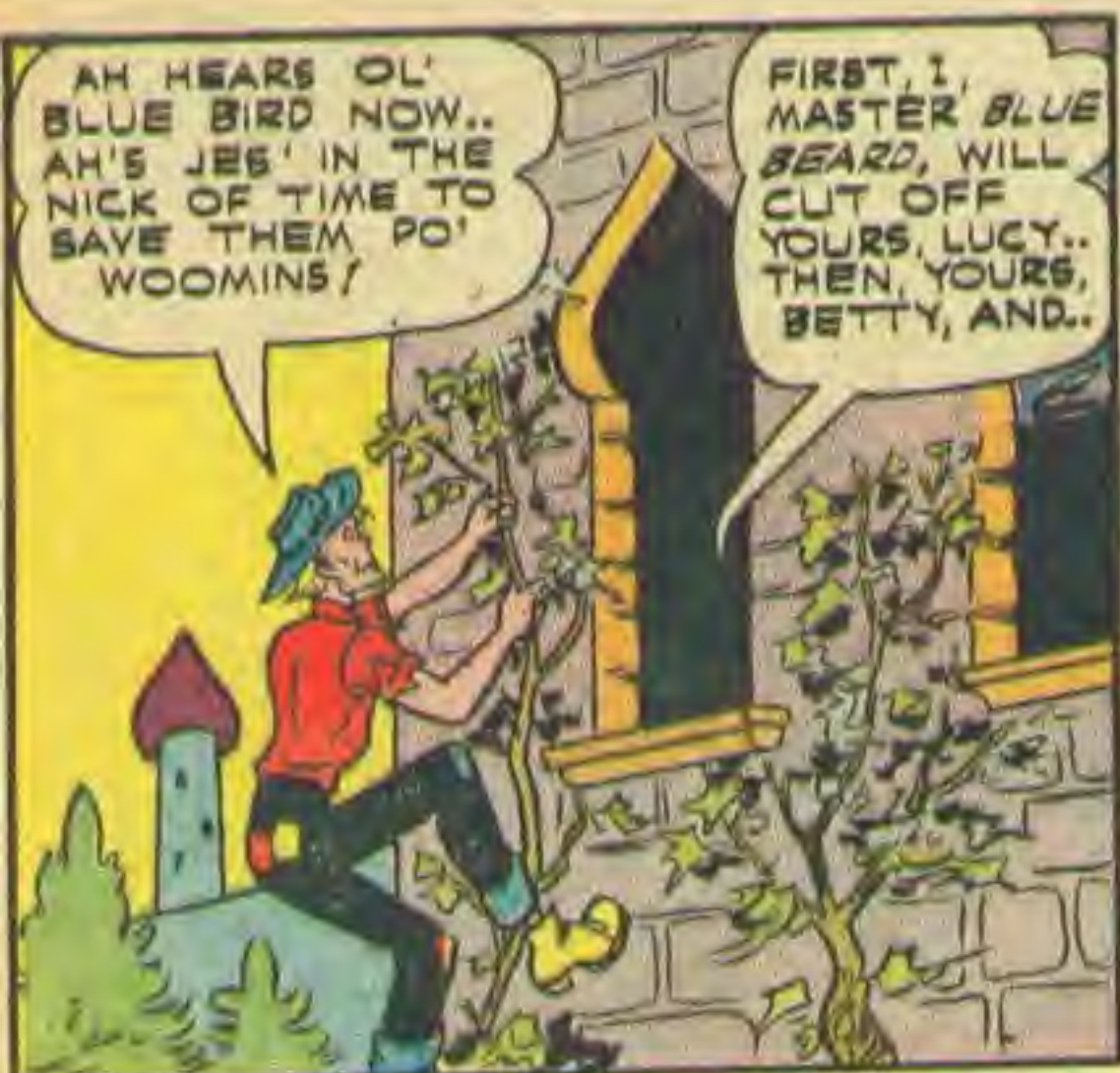
















**B**UT BE WITH US AGAIN, AND  
SEE, IF POKEY FINDS HIS  
PEACE ON EARTH!



# THE BLACK HOOD

## MAN OF MYSTERY

LISTEN TO THE BLACK HOOD'S OATH ON  
STATION WOR-MUTUAL, EVERY DAY!

I THE BLACK HOOD,  
DO SOLEMNLY  
SWEAR THAT  
NEITHER THREATS  
NOR BRIBES NOR  
BULLETS NOR  
DEATH ITSELF-  
SHALL KEEP ME  
FROM FULFILLING  
MY SACRED VOW..  
TO ERASE CRIME  
FROM THE FACE  
OF THE EARTH!!







HIYA, DEMON  
REPORTER!  
WORKING  
HARD?

KIP BURLAND!  
YOU'VE BECOME A  
POLICEMAN AGAIN



YES, BARBARA THANKS TO  
SERGEANT MCGINTY, I WAS  
FINALLY RE-INSTATED. HA, HA,  
WOULDN'T THE SARGE BE  
SURPRISED IF HE KNEW  
HE'D GOTTEN THE BLACK  
HOOD ON  
THE  
FORCE



WELL, SO LONG  
GAL! I'M OFF TO  
FIGHT CRIME -  
OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK,  
KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE  
PICKED A DIP OF A BEAT  
FOR ME

IT'S DEADDER  
THAN THE  
PROVERBIAL  
DOORNAIL!



OH, OH! I  
SPOKE TOO  
SOON!



WHAT'S UP  
LADY?

OH, THANK  
HEAVENS YOU  
CAME, OFFICER.  
MY BUTLER'S  
DEAD!



WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I SEE YOU'VE  
GOT KIP BACK  
IN HARNESS,  
SERGEANT  
MCGINTY

YES, BARBARA AND HE'LL  
STAY THERE IF HE KEEPS  
OUTA TROUBLE, DAGNABBIT!

THE TROUBLE WITH KIP IS  
HE'S TOO SCIENTIFIC! NOW  
TAKE ME F'RINSTANCE,  
I'VE BEEN...

... "ON THE FORCE  
FOR TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS, AND YOU'VE  
ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS  
WITH THE END O' YOUR  
NIGHTSTICK" UNQUOTE!

WELL, IT'S  
TRUE!

ANYWAY, I  
GAVE KIP A  
BEAT THAT'LL  
KEEP HIM OUTA  
TROUBLE!

HELLO!  
YES! THIS IS  
MCGINTY!  
WHAT!  
DAGNABBIT...

THAT WAS BURLAND! SO YOU  
SOMEBODY WAS  
STABBED TO DEATH  
AT 17 KEW PLACE.  
LET'S GO, MEN!

SO YOU  
GAVE KIP  
A BEAT  
THAT  
WOULD  
KEEP HIM  
OUT OF TROUBLE  
EH, SARGE!

HELLO, SARGE!  
YOU SURE  
GOT HERE  
FAST!

WHERE'S  
THE BODY,  
KIP?

IN THE NEXT ROOM. BUT  
DON'T MESS UP ANY  
FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T BE TELLIN'  
ME MY BUSINESS!  
ME, WHO'S BEEN ON  
THE FORCE FER 25  
YEARS!



YEP, HE'S DEAD,  
ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL  
ASK SOME QUESTIONS!  
WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS.  
MARION. THIS  
IS MY HOME-  
AND THE DEAD  
MAN WAS MY  
BUTLER

AND I AM KALIMAR,  
MYSTIC AND **SPIRITU-  
ALIST!** AT YOUR  
SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURN-  
ED FROM KALI-  
MAR'S PLACE **SPIRITU-  
ALISM!**  
WHERE I WAS IN **HOOEY!**  
COMMUNION WITH **HOOEY!**  
MY LATE  
HUSBAND

I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT  
"HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I  
SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU  
A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME  
YOU PLEASE!

ANYWAY, SERGEANT,  
I GAVE THE EVEN-  
ING OFF TO MY  
DOMESTICS. WHILE  
I ATTENDED THE  
SEANCE!

THEN WHAT WAS  
YOUR BUTLER  
DOING IN THE  
HOUSE?

THAT'S OBVIOUS!  
HE MUST HAVE  
RETURNED UNEX-  
PECTEDLY!

I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER  
KNEW THERE'D BE NO  
ONE HERE- SO HE RE-  
TURNED TO ROB THE  
HOUSE!

AND MURDERED  
HIMSELF AFTER  
HE'D DONE IT, I  
SUPPOSE!

NONE O'  
YER SARCASM,  
BURLAND!

I'VE GOT THE  
FINGERPRINTS  
OFF THIS KNIFE,  
SARGE!

NICE WORK  
MOONEY!

WE'LL CHECK  
'EM AT HEAD-  
QUARTERS!







ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS.. SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT 'NIFE ?

GLASS EYE...  
HMM... SAY BABS  
DID YOU NOTICE  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THAT FORTUNE  
TELLER'S EYES ?

NOW THAT  
YOU MENTION  
IT, YES!  
ONE OF  
HIS EYES  
SEEMED TO  
BE MADE OF  
GLASS!

EXACTLY! THAT  
MAY OR MAY NOT  
MEAN ANYTHING -  
BUT DO SOME-  
THING FOR ME  
WILL YOU, BABS?

I THINK I  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU MEAN. YOU  
WANT ME TO  
GET A FINGER-  
PRINT OF KALIMAR,  
EH?... CONSIDER  
IT DONE!

MEANWHILE THE  
BLACK HOOD  
WILL DO SOME  
INVESTIGATING...

AFTER BABS LEAVES...

...AT THE CEMETERY  
GLASS EYE'S GANG  
WAS SUPPOSED TO  
HAVE BURIED  
HIM!

HERE'S GLASS  
EYE'S GRAVE!

EMPTY !!



THE HOOD IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT

HELLO! HOOD! ANY DEVELOPMENTS?

PLENTY, BARBARA!

DID YOU GET THOSE FINGER-PRINTS?

YOU BET! RIGHT ON THIS VANITY CASE-SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED

HOOD! YOU REALLY THINK KALIMAR AND GLASS-EYE GANNET ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON?

KALIMAR'S FINGERPRINTS WILL ANSWER THAT QUESTION

NOW LET'S COMPARE 'EM WITH THE PRINTS OF GLASS-EYE GANNET!

DON'T GO BY ME, I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE THE SAME OR NOT!

WELL, I WOULD! THEY ARE! AND KALIMAR, ALIAS GLASS-EYE GANNET IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VERY UNWELCOME CLIENT THE BLACK HOOD!

SOMEWHAT LATER, IN KALIMAR'S OFFICE WHERE A CUSTOMER IS BEING ENTERTAINED...

YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SPEAK WITH MY DEAD HUSBAND'S SPIRIT?

HOPE THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER!

YOU SHALL SOON SEE MADAM. BUT REMEMBER! ANSWER ANY QUESTION HE ASKS-OR THE SPIRITUAL BOND WILL BE BROKEN!



THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS, AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDIATELY IS LIGHTED UP BY AN UNEARTHLY GLOW...

IT... IT'S CHARLES, MY HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE NOT MUCH TIME. ANSWER QUICKLY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE MONEY I LEFT YOU?

BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT HAPPENED, KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW! ... PERHAPS SOME INTERFERENCE FROM THE ASTRAL WORLD!

NO, KALIMAR! IT'S INTERFERENCE FROM THE BLACK HOOD

WH... WHAT!

I KNOW YOU, GANNET IN SPITE OF THAT NICE PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD DONE ON YOUR FACE!

I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET-GETTING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES-THEN ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER BUTLER!

ALL RIGHT, BLAST YOU! YOU'RE ONTO ME, BUT YOU WON'T GET ME!

THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT YOU'LL BE SINGING A DIFFERENT TUNE...

... BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!



NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS- IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!

DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

HIYA, MCGINTY I WAS EXPECTING YOU!



STOP, HOOD- OR I'LL SHOOT!



DON'T MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!



THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER, DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!



NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...

CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!

YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!



KIP! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!



TUNE IN ON THE BLACK HOOD. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM...

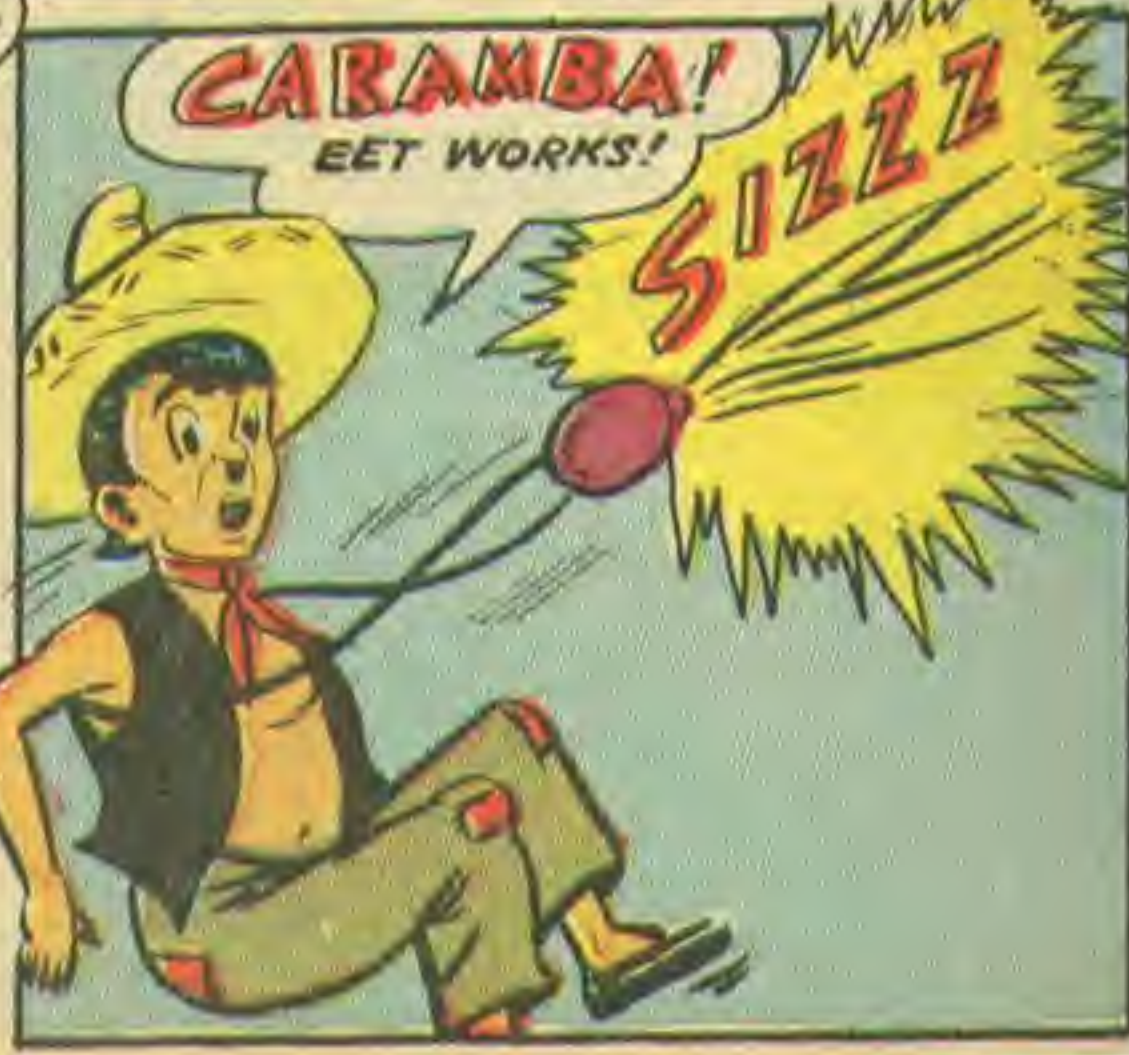


WELL, DEAR READERS,  
IF YOU WILL REMEM-  
BER THE LAST WE  
SAW OF SENOR SIESTA,  
HE WAS IN A TIGHT  
SPOT... RUNNING FROM  
SOME WILD INDIANS  
WHO FELT HE SHOULD  
NOT BE ALLOWED TO  
RETAIN HIS SCALP!  
SO NOW...

# Señor SIESTA























AND CUT OUR  
ROPES WEETH  
THE GLASS!



SIESTA, I HAVE  
DECIDED TO  
BECOME THE  
HONEST MAN!

EXCELLENT, SENOR  
MOPO! AND WHY  
DEED YOU  
MAKE  
THEES  
DECISION?



BECAUSE I RECOGNIZE  
THESE TWO CROOKS!  
THEY ARE SLICK BENNY  
AND WILLIE THE WEASEL!



AND THERE EES  
A VERY HANDSOME  
REWARD FOR  
THEIR CAPTURE!  
SI, SENOR SIESTA,  
HONESTY PAYS!

HMM... AND YOU  
REFUSE TO BE  
HONEST UNTEEL  
YOU ARE POSITIVEVE  
EET DOES, EH?



LATER...

GREAT

SAINTS!

AND  
LEETLE

DEVILS!



HELP!

LET ME  
DOWN!

HEH  
HEH!

ONLY A SHORT  
WAY TO THE  
JAIL-HOUSE  
NOW, SENORS!



# SNOOP McGOOK

## THE SOUPY SLEUTH











HEY! WHERE ARE YOUR TICKETS?

SORRY, I LEFT THEM IN MY OTHER PANTS!



HOLD ON A MINUTE, JOE.. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

OOOOP



IF WE DRESS UP AS FOOTBALL PLAYERS, AND GO ON THE FIELD, THAT DETECTIVE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US THERE!



LATER

WE'LL JUST TELL THE REFEREE THAT WE'RE SUBS!

PRETTY SLICK, EH, SAM?



RAY TEAM

OKAY JOE... LET'S GO!



JONES AND JINCKS, TAKING OVER REF!

OKAY, TAKE YOUR PLACES!



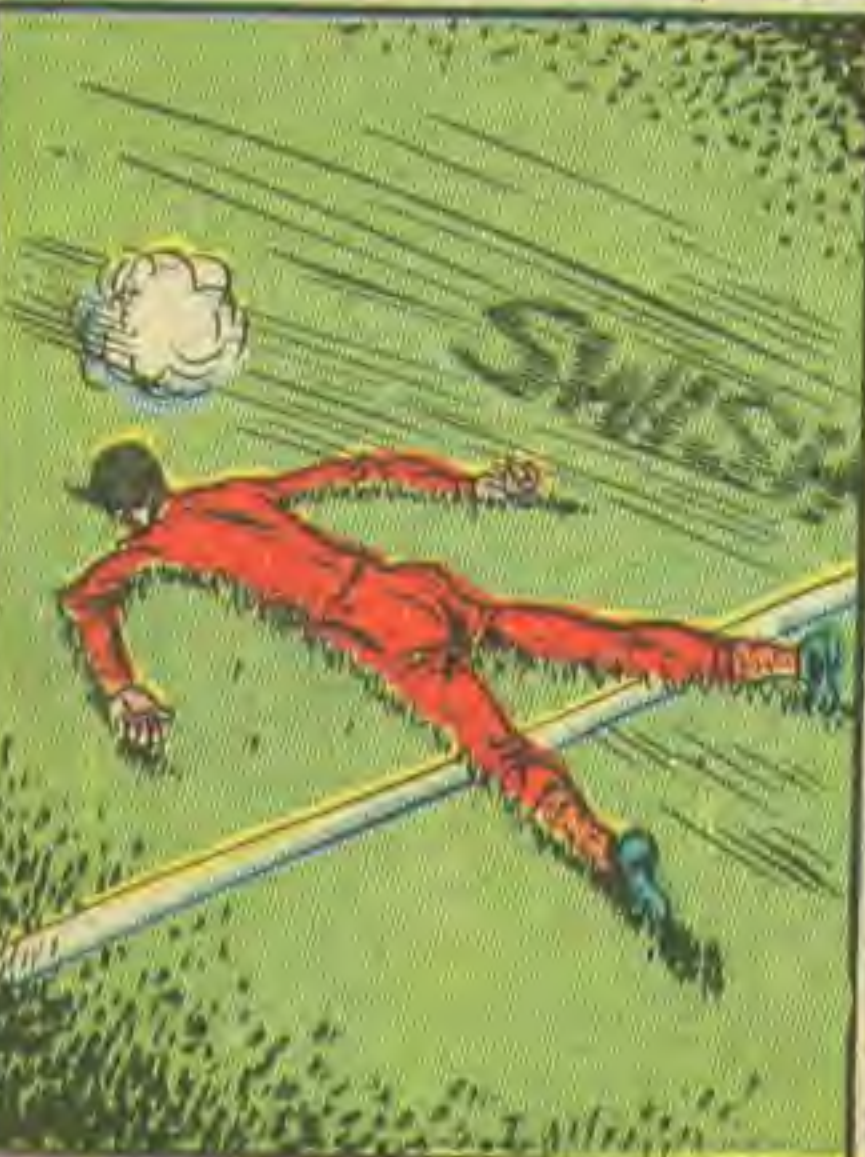
WHAT TH... WHO ARE THOSE GUYS & I NEVER SENT THEM OUT! HECK IT'S TOO LATE TO CALL 'EM BACK NOW... THE PLAY JUST STARTED..



I SAW THEM GO IN THERE! I WONDER.. HEY! THERE THEY ARE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA

5









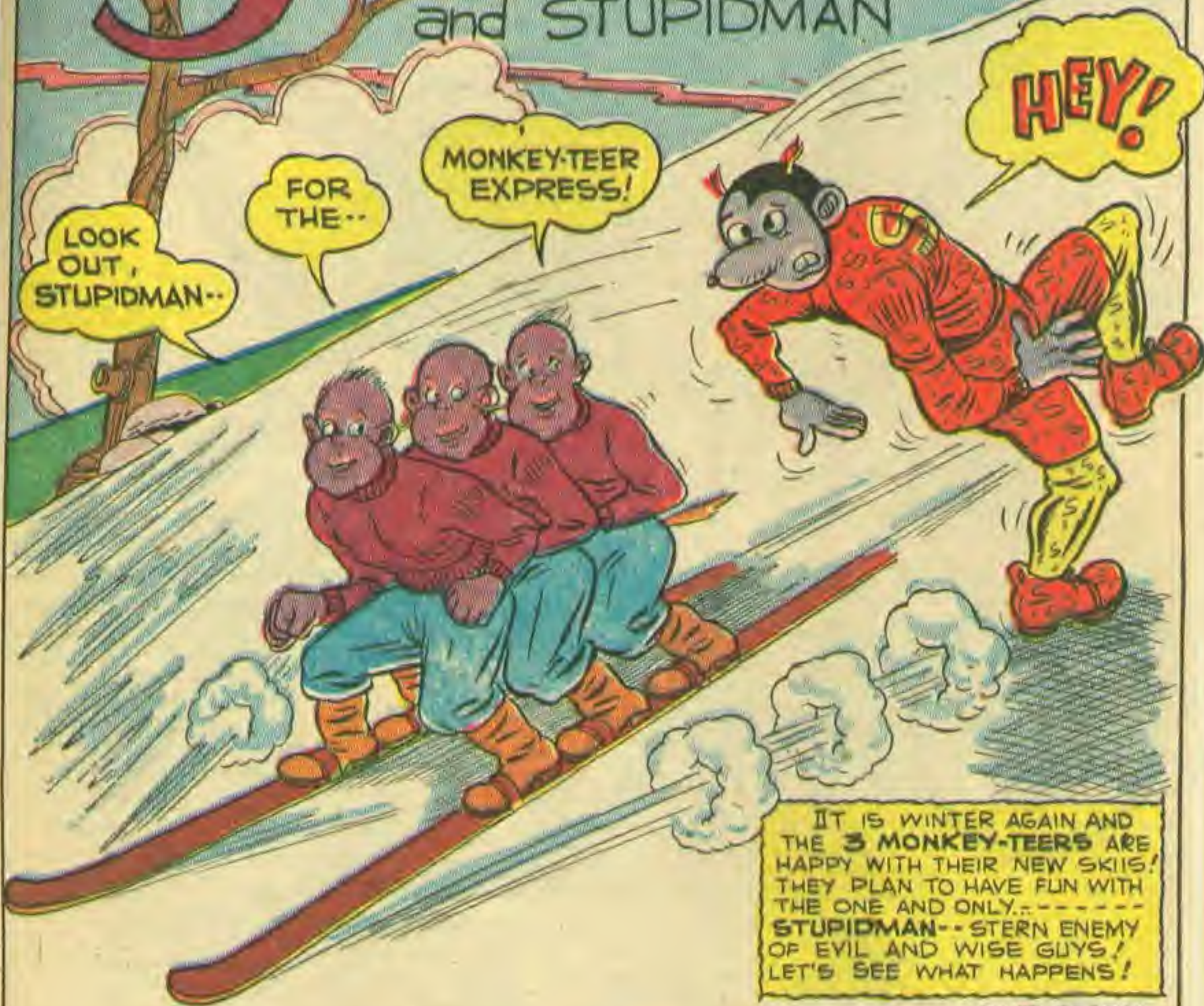
BUT WALDO, SNOOP'S SQUIR-  
REL, IS ON THE JOB, AND  
TRIPS THE HOODLUM..





# The 3 MONKEY-TEERS

## and STUPIDMAN



IT IS WINTER AGAIN AND THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS ARE HAPPY WITH THEIR NEW SKIS! THEY PLAN TO HAVE FUN WITH THE ONE AND ONLY--STUPIDMAN--STERN ENEMY OF EVIL AND WISE GUYS! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

BY ED GOGGIN























OH, MY HEAD! SAY, WHAT IS WRONG? ALL OUR TRACKS ARE GONE!

LOOK! THE HERMIT!



AH! A FINE SPECIMEN! SIMIAN TYPE 42... JUST THE THING FOR MY COLLECTION!



DON'T BE AFRAID, BOYS! I'M ONLY GATHERING FOOT-PRINTS --- I SAVE 'EM --- MY HOBBY, YOU KNOW!



AND IT KEEPS THE SNOW UN-MARKED!

DON'T BE AFRAID --- NOTHING HAPPENS TO GOOD BOYS!

SUDDENLY



OW

WHOP



WHY LOOK! IT WAS STUPIDMAN DRESSED AS THE HERMIT ALL THE TIME!

GOSH, WERE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WAS BAD!

IMAGINE TRYING TO MAKE US BELIEVE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A CATFISH WHO LOOKS LIKE A KITTEN!



OF ALL THINGS DID YOU SEE THAT BOOG BOOG ENOUGH OF THIS BUT SAY, IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE THAT BEAR ON SKATES, LET US KNOW !!!

BEST LETTER THIS MONTH IS FROM DELBERT OTT TONOPAH, NEVADA BOX 435 WHO RECEIVES AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO FROM STUPIDMAN SEE YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NETCH LAUGH COMICS



# Readers' Page

**EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!** ENTER THIS UN-USUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS YOU LIKE BEST? AND WHY?

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AS SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST. RM. 315, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

*The Winner---*

*---AND HER WINNING LETTER!*



EMMA GRADECHI  
320 WALKER ST.  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Although I'm not a little girl, I have read Top Notch Laugh Comics for quite some time and I find it very unusual and entertaining. Pokey Oakey is my choice for the favorite. He no matter gets out of one mess than he is in the middle of another amusing one. Never a dull moment when reading Pokey Oakey and Top-Notch Laugh Comics!

*Emma Gradechi*

## HONORABLE MENTION



JOHN SULLIVAN  
45 ALEXANDER ST.  
DORCHESTER, MASS.



CONNIE BERAVIDES  
187 RUGG STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.



TONY STAGNER  
3151 60. THIRD ST.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.



RUTH SPIKER  
ISLAND ST.  
LANACONING, MD.



CATHERINE PIVEDOM  
3507 FAIR AVE.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.



JACK COLLINS  
19 LOCH LOMOND ST.  
50. UNIONTOWN, PA.



GWYN INGRAM  
JEFFERSON, G.A.



RICHARD LONG  
403 IRVING ST.  
MUSKOGEE, OKLA.



SHIRLEY GLICKMAN  
3750 BURLINGAME  
DETROIT, MICH.



IZZY ORINGER  
140 BROOME ST.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



LYNELLE STRICKLAND  
RT. 4 BOX 75  
OSYKA, MISS.



DIMITRI SAFOUTIN  
15403 HOFT RD.  
BELLEVILLE MICH.



JACQUELINE KAPLAN  
2603 HADDON AVE.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



JERREY SMITH  
510 1/2 BURLINGTON  
LOS ANGELES, CA.



BARBARA EPSTEIN  
1773 PARK PLACE  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



# THIS IS THE PORTRAIT EMMA GRADECHI RECEIVED



*Sincerely*  
**M.L.J.**

## HONORABLE MENTION ---- Continued ----



HENRY DUNCAN  
1914 EOLNEY RD  
NORFOLK, VA.



OLIVIA ALPHONSE  
1034 STAFFORD RD  
FALL RIVER, MASS.



JOSEPH ARES  
144 W. 28th ST.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



CAROL DERR  
1018 NO. LOWREY AV.  
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



RAYMOND ROGERS  
RD #2 BROOK RIDGE  
LAUREL, MD.



BETTY SAXBY  
BIRCHWOOD, WIS.



BURNELL CONN.  
PORT ALLEN,  
LOUISIANA



ANNA HABEL  
7251 THEISEN AV.  
DEARBORN, MICH.



BERNARD HUDAK  
309 W. 161 ST.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



ABNER HERRING  
RT. 4  
GADO, ALA.



# A TRUE FACT STORY

by the Black Hood

"EPHRAIM, go down to the hospital and get me a pint of blood."

Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the Harvard Medical School, took down a quart jar from a shelf in Dr. John Webster's chemical laboratory and asked if that would do. The Professor, a short middle-aged man, side-whiskered as befitted a gentleman of Boston in 1849, nodded. Littlefield, who was general man at the newly established institute, left; but he was unable to successfully fulfill his mission. That day, which was Thursday, November 22nd, there was no blood to be had nor was there any available Friday morning. Dr. Webster was chagrined. He needed the blood for a lecture, he said.

Dr. George Parkman was a fairly wealthy man. It was he who had endowed the Medical School only the year before and who had gained Webster his place there. But Webster owed him money on a mortgage covering a valuable collection of minerals the chemist owned. Parkman was a philanthropist when he wanted to be but he was also a tight-fisted businessman. He believed in collecting debts even when they were owed by men who had to subsist on the poor salaries of college professors. And it was that Friday morning that Webster at last notified his creditor that he would pay him the money that was due him, a matter of some four hundred dollars. He would settle the debt that afternoon at one o'clock, at his laboratory. The matter was known to Littlefield, who had overheard discussion of it several days before.

Littlefield was a strange person, but typical enough in one matter; there is a New England type like him. Given to keeping their own counsel, given to certain eccentricities. He lived in his own quarters in the Medical School building, had access to the rooms and laboratories, tended the furnace, and kept watch on the great underground vault below wherein were thrown the used remains of the multifold cadavers used by the students in anatomy classes. Of all the men employed in Harvard, he alone seemed most able to penetrate into the foul recesses of the vaults amid the stench of decaying flesh.

Parkman, a tall gaunt man, bald, with a sharp-

ly jutting jaw, set out promptly that afternoon to the Webster laboratory to keep his appointment. He called in a grocery store on his way, nodded to several people, and was seen to enter the door of the college. He was never seen to leave.

Now Parkman was a man of strict punctuality; when he failed to meet other appointments in the afternoon and failed to show up at home in time for supper his family became aroused and concerned. They notified the city marshal, a Mr. Tuckey, and search was started at once. All night they searched and all the next day. Posters were sent out and a reward of \$3000 was offered for knowledge leading to either the finding of Parkman, his body, or his murderers.

Dr. Webster did not hear reports of his creditor's strange absence until they appeared in the papers several days later. He immediately went to the Parkman family, telling them that he was the party with whom the missing man had had his appointment.

Parkman had come to his laboratory as expected, Dr. Webster went on; he had been paid in cash on the spot by the chemist, had given Webster the cancelled I.O.U., and had immediately left in order to go to Cambridge to discharge the mortgage. That was the last that Webster had seen of him.

Professor Webster seemed much worried about the disappearance; he realized that suspicion was bound to fall upon him since he was the last man known actually to have seen Parkman and it was a fact that Parkman was a hard creditor who had hounded Webster severely. Littlefield told people of a severe argument that the two doctors had had only a few days prior to the disappearance; harsh words had been spoken on both sides and Parkman had threatened to sue for the money.

Police officers arrived Tuesday afternoon to search the building. They had determined to go over the place from top to bottom, hoping to find some sign that might point to the fate of the missing man. They found the janitor outside and made him accompany them.

They searched the place, starting with the up-



stairs rooms and the basement including Littlefield's own chambers where, unknown to the janitor, they went through his clothes. Then they went to Webster's laboratory, but it was locked.

They pounded and finally the chemist opened the door. He let them in and the men made for the professor's back private laboratory but were warned away.

"I keep my explosives and acids there."

The officer changed his mind abruptly. He had no desire to be sent to kingdom come by any accidental fumbling with violent chemicals. Then they went to the professor's basement laboratory; there was a small corner door leading to the tiny chamber which was the professor's privy. This they failed to investigate. Below this privy were the vaults wherein the wastes from the professor's experiments fell.

When the officers left, Littlefield slipped back to the door of the laboratory. He drew a knife and crouched down beside the door but the noise of someone else in the building coming his way distracted him and he went away.

The next day Littlefield continued his actions. He tried looking under the door and watching the professor at work; he could see the chemist's feet moving near the assay furnace which was a part of his laboratory equipment but he could make out nothing further. Testing the walls outside the location of the furnace he confirmed that it was in operation.

Later that day, when Webster had left, Littlefield pried around and finally forced his way into the laboratory by way of a back window. He saw that the furnace indeed had been in heavy use the past few days but that was not a new discovery. He found several suspicious wet spots on the stairs leading to Webster's basement and to his back room (the one where explosives were supposed to have been stored). These tasted to him like acid.

It turned out that these spots were from a classroom test of the chemist's.

Thanksgiving Day found Littlefield again prowling around the deserted college building. He was in the cellar opposite the wall of Webster's basement. He had started to try to dig into the back of the chemist's privy which he had failed to get into otherwise. For several hours he pried bricks loose but it was a thick wall.

He worked on his sinister project most of the afternoon, using crowbar, chisel and hammer, he removed brick after brick and finally broke

through. He rested a moment and tried to get a light through the small hole to see what was inside the professor's privy chamber.

Water was running in the sink. The first thing his light fell on were parts of a human leg and a section of pelvis. He withdrew immediately, went out and notified the City Marshal.

The searching party from the police immediately went back with him, viewed the bits of body, got into the laboratory and investigated the furnace. Littlefield put in his hand and drew from the ashes a piece of charred bone.

Webster was seized at his home and arrested that night. He denied everything but gave himself away when he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a strychnine pill he had been carrying around. His effort failed. He still denied his guilt but after a long trial was convicted. Other bones were taken out of the sealed vault and part of the torso was found in a metal container in Webster's chambers.

At last the little chemist confessed.

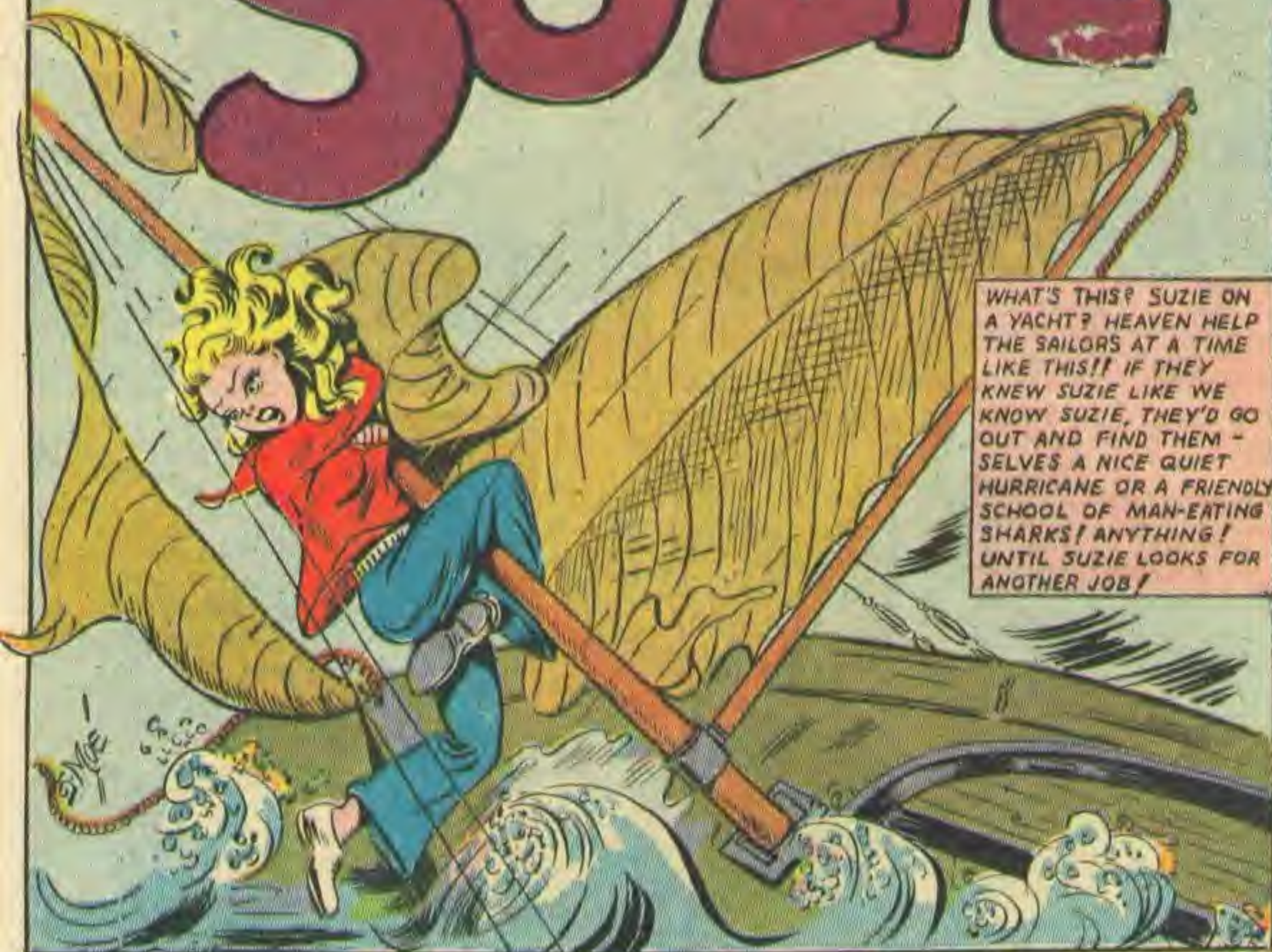
He had not had the money to pay his threatening creditor and when Parkman had come to his laboratory that fatal afternoon, he had told him so. A fight ensued, during which Webster struck the philanthropist with a club and killed him.

The mild, generally meek, professor thereupon locked the doors of his laboratories, took the documents of debt from the dead man's pockets, dragged the body into his back room and undressed it. He burned the clothes in his furnace and set about dissecting the body with as little concern as if he were demonstrating before a class room. It was not easy to get rid of the pieces because his assay furnace was small and would not take large sections. Some parts he squeezed down the privy drain; others he stowed away in the sink under running water until he could attend to burning them later. The whole process had taken a week and he had not determined how to dispose of the parts that the janitor uncovered, nor of the heavy mass of the torso.

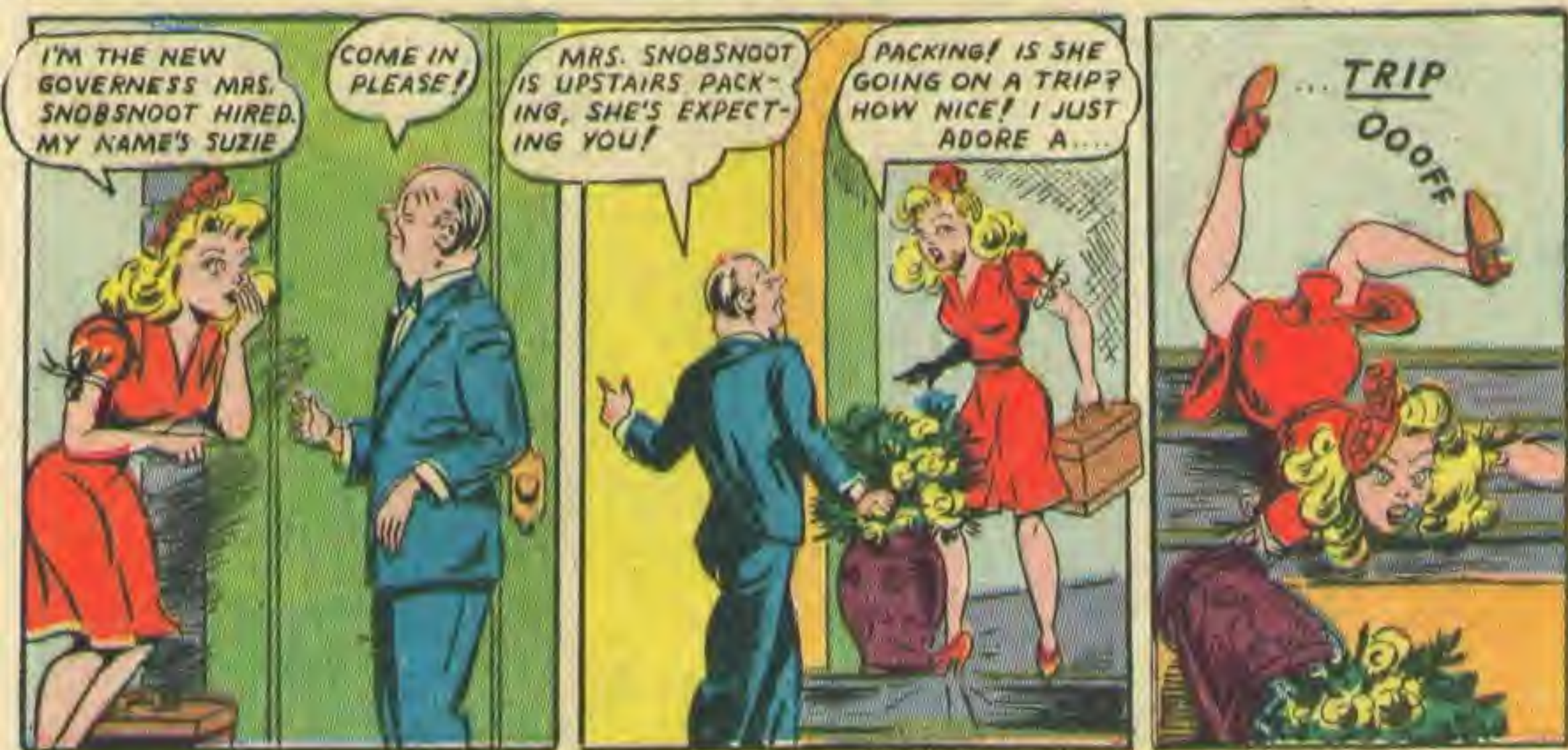
John Webster was hanged August 30th, 1850. To his death he denied that the affair had been premeditated. But there is one thing unsolved, the question of for what purpose he intended to use the pint of blood he sent Littlefield out to obtain the day before the murder. Webster never had any use for blood in his work. It has never been explained.



# SUZIE



WHAT'S THIS? SUZIE ON A YACHT? HEAVEN HELP THE SAILORS AT A TIME LIKE THIS!! IF THEY KNEW SUZIE LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE, THEY'D GO OUT AND FIND THEM - SELVES A NICE QUIET HURRICANE OR A FRIENDLY SCHOOL OF MAN-EATING SHARKS! ANYTHING! UNTIL SUZIE LOOKS FOR ANOTHER JOB!



I'M THE NEW GOVERNESS MRS. SNOBSNOOT HIRED. MY NAME'S SUZIE

COME IN PLEASE!

MRS. SNOBSNOOT IS UPSTAIRS PACKING, SHE'S EXPECTING YOU!

PACKING! IS SHE GOING ON A TRIP? HOW NICE! I JUST ADORE A...

... TRIP  
OOOFF



AND UPSTAIRS

OH! I'M EXHAUSTED!  
WHERE IS THAT  
GOVERNESS THE  
AGENCY PROMISED  
TO SEND?

JUNIOR! YOU GET THAT  
CAT OF YOURS OUT OF  
HERE! WE'RE NOT TAKING  
HIM ALONG ON OUR  
YACHT TRIP!

YETH MOMMY

YOU GO CHATHE  
FWOGGY, KITTY!

GOONK  
GOONK

YEEEEOOOWW

DON'T KWWY, MOMMY!  
YOU DIDN'T HURT  
FWOGGY!

OH! WHY DOESN'T  
THAT GOVERNESS  
COME AND TAKE  
JUNIOR OFF MY  
HANDS (SNIFF)

HELLO MRS. SNOB-  
SNOOT! HERE I AM!  
I'M SUZIE, YOUR  
GOVERNESS!

OH THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE  
HERE! NOW I WON'T HAVE  
ANY MORE TROUBLE! HELP  
ME PACK, DEAR!

YES  
MA'M!

GOONK









LATER...











LOOK THUTHIE!  
I TOOK FWOGGIE  
ALONG, BUT  
DON'T TELL  
MOMMY!

JUNIOR! WHERE  
DID YOU FIND  
YOUR FROG!



OO... YOUR MOTHER'LL  
BE TERRIBLY RELIEVED  
WHEN SHE FINDS  
SHE DIDN'T EAT THE  
FROG AFTER ALL



I'LL GO TELL  
HER RIGHT  
AWAY!



UGH.. EVERYTIME I  
THINK OF THAT FROG  
I GET SICKER...



IF I EVER SO  
MUCH AS SEE A  
FROG AGAIN, I  
THINK I'LL DIE!



.. AN' SO, MR. SNOBSNOOT  
YOUR WIFE WASN'T IN  
HER ROOM, SO I LEFT  
THE FROG THERE.  
SHE'LL BE AWFULLY  
RELIEVED TO KNOW..

YES

OH  
DADDY!  
DADDY!



FWOGGIE ITH  
IN THE WATER  
IN THE BAFF TUB  
AND MUMMY IS  
UNDER IT!

WHAT



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I  
EVER FLOATED OUT OF  
A JOB!



THANKS A MILLION FOR  
THAT SHOWER OF LETTERS  
TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK,  
N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM  
HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTEN-  
ING TO ARCHIE ANDREWS!  
JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY  
'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU  
HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING,  
AND KEEP WRITING!

**Archie**  
COMICS is



**MLJ**  
LEADS the WAY!

the  
**BLACK HOOD WANTS YOU**



to  
**TUNE IN**  
on  
**WOR MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM**

**Every Night**  
**5:15 EWT**



# GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

BY RED HOLMDALE

STORY BY GOGGIN



POOR GLOOMY GUS--HE'S QUITE A GUY--- HE GOT HIT BY A TRUCK BUT DIDN'T DIE! HE BECAME A GHOST WITH OUT A HOME! WOULDN'T FOR AS HEAVEN. TAKE HIM. HE HAD TO ROAM IN SEARCH OF A BODY THAT'S STRONG AND ROOMY UNTIL HE FINDS ONE GUS WILL BE GLOOMY!

WE OPEN OUR STORY IN ST. PETE'S HANGOUT WHICH IS SIX CLOUDS TO THE LEFT AND ONE TO THE RIGHT!

HY THERE READERS--IF YOU REMEMBER IN THE LAST ISSUE I TURNED THE TIME BACK TO THE STONE AGE ON GUS AND GABBY!



HOLY SMOKE, GUS-- WE SURE GOT INTO SOME MESS THIS TIME--LOOKIT!-- DRAGONS!

NAH! THEY'RE ONLY DINOSAURS! THEY CAN'T HURT YOU! THEY'RE HARMLESS VEGETARIANS!



THE ONES YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR ARE THE TYRANOSAURUS! BOY THEY'RE BAD BUSINESS!



GRRR

WHY I READ WHERE TH--THE--- HEY, WHAT'S TH--?





GUMBLE, MUMBLE  
BATCHA--MA ZOO  
GRRR--

JEEPERS CREEPERS  
A CAVE MAN!

G--GUS,  
I DON'T  
LIKE THE  
WAY HE  
LOOKS!



I--I THINK HE  
FEELS THE SAME  
WAY ABOUT US,  
GABBY!

HUMPH-- ONLY THING TO DO  
IS TO WATCH OUT FOR THE  
TYRANOSAURUS--BAH!  
SOMETIME GUS, I THINK  
YOU READ THE WRONG  
KINDA BOOKS!



PUFF-PUFF--  
HEY, WHERE  
ARE YOU GO-  
ING, GABBY?

C'MON IN THIS  
CAVE, GUS-- WE  
CAN HIDE IN  
HERE!



NO-NO, GABBY,  
LOOKIT THOSE  
EYES IN THERE!

-GULF-

SCHREECH



SEE GABBY-- BY HIDING IN THIS WAY  
WE'VE THROWN HIM OFF OUR TRAIL!  
HE THINKS WE'RE IN THE CAVE--  
NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!

I STILL WISH WE  
WERE BACK  
WITH PETE!



BANGO  
SOCKO!



OW!

THAT'S A  
TYRANOSAURUS!

GEE  
WHIZ!  
LOOK  
AT THAT  
GUY  
RUN!



YEAH! THAT SHOWS YOU HOW DUMB THESE GUYS ARE--DO YOU KNOW THE BOW AND ARROW HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

IT HASN'T!



WHY THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT FIRE--SOME DOPES, HUH?

TAKE IT EASY ON THOSE REMARKS, MY FRIEND NOT ALL OF US ARE DUMB.

HUH? WHO SAID THAT!



I AM NOVELLO MONTEZ... THE REMBRANDT OF THE STONE AGE! SAY, DON'T JUDGE US ALL BY THAT ONE UN-COUTH SPECIMEN!



THE TRIBE I BELONG TO IS PULLENTY HEP! BUT ALAS! THOSE CAVE MEN TRY TO KNOCK US OFF EVERY CHANCE THEY GET!

HMM-- THAT'S A FAMILIAR SOUNDING STORY!



IF ONLY THERE WAS SOMEBODY SMART ENOUGH AND BRAVE ENOUGH TO TEACH THOSE HOODLUMS A LESSON!

HMM--



THIS CALLS FOR CONCENTRATION, GABBY!

IF WHAT I'M THINKIN' IS RIGHT, THIS CALLS FOR THE UNDERTAKER!



AT THIS MOMENT--

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

CLUBHEADS ON THE WAR-PATH!

CLUBHEAD! HE'S THE ROUGHEST TOUGHEST CAVE MAN OF THEM ALL, BROTHER! WE'D BETTER BLOW!



NOT ME! WE'LL FIX THAT WISE GUY, HUH, GABBY?

IF HE DOESN'T FIX US FIRST!



AH! HERE HE COMES--NOW GET SET, GABBY, DON'T FORGET TO JUMP ON THE COUNT OF THREE!

ONE-- TWO-- AND A--















BOP! POP



INCREDIBLE!

OUT COLDER THAN AN ICED MACKEREL!



(GULP!) IS CLUBHEAD GONE?

AND HOW! HE'S GONE--BUT GOOD! YOU FIXED HIM SO THAT US CAVEMEN'LL NEVER BE AFRAID OF HIM AGAIN!



AND THE BOYS ARE SO GRATEFUL THEY WANT TO MAKE YOU KING!

C'MON AND MEET THE QUEEN!

HUH?



(ULP) HELLO--HEH--HEH--

BEAT ME, MY BIG BOLD CAVE MAN!



BEAT YOU! I COULDN'T DO THAT--EVEN IF I AM SUPPOSED TO BE A CAVEMAN! AFTER ALL--HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'! THE GROUND'S SHAKIN'!

EARTH-QUAKE!



EARTHQUAKE! C'MON. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE GET HURT!

THAT HOLE! WATCH OUT!



PLOP!



WH--WHAT HAPPENED! WHERE ARE WE?

I GUESS I KILLED US BOTH, QUEENIE! OH WELL, ST. PETE WILL STRAIGHTEN THIS ALL OUT, SOMEHOW!

NOW WHAT--AND WHERE IS GABBY? BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS FOR THE ANSWERS!



# DOTTY AND DITTO

DOTTY AND DITTO WITH THEIR INDIAN PAL, DOTTUM, ARE HAPPY AS THREE BUGS IN A RUB --- WHY? BECAUSE THEY'VE JUST WON \$2000 AT A RODEO.

Bill Woggon

UGH! \$2,000!  
THAT HEAP LOT O'  
WAMPUM, DOTTY!

YO' BET, DOTTUM, AN'  
NOW WE BETTER  
HURRY BACK TO SAVE  
MAH GRAN'PAPPY'S  
RANCH THAT'S UP FO'  
AUCTION!

DITTO,  
PODNUH!

MEBBE WE BETTER  
GETTUM WAMPUM OUTA  
SIGHT, DOTTY,--SOMEBODY  
MIGHT KNOCK US OVER,  
UM HEAD AN TAKE UM!

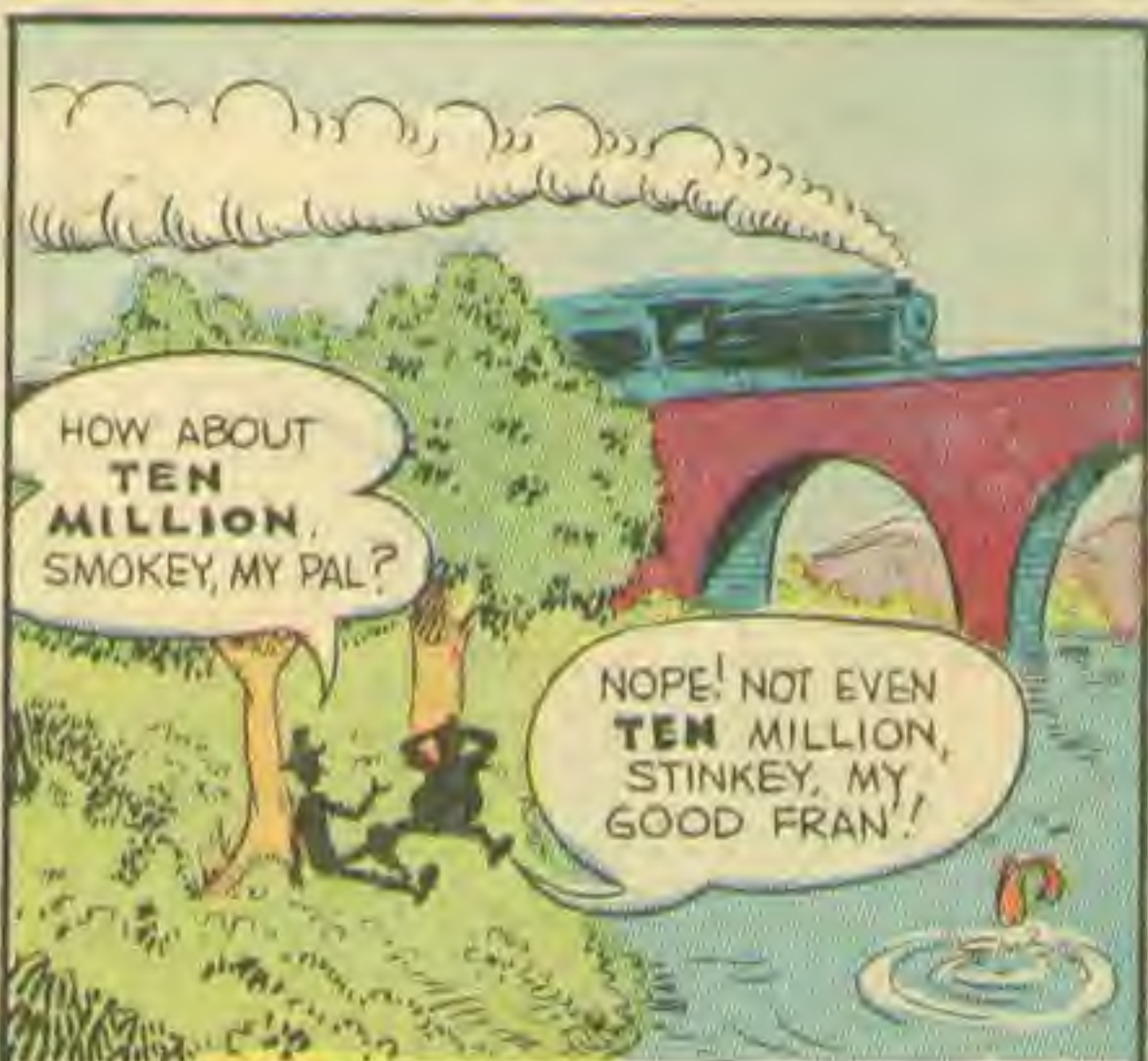
YEAH! YOU'RE RIGHT  
\$2000 IS A LOT  
O' MONEY-- AH'LL  
STUFF IT IN TH'  
SOLE O' MAH  
BOOT HEAH!



WHILE DOTTY HIDES HER MONEY IN HER BOOT TWO TRAMPS NOT FAR AWAY ARE ALSO DISCUSSING WEALTH!



NO SHOES OR FOOD RATION TO WORRY US--NO TIRES OR GAS--NO DRAFT NUMBER! NO TAXES! I WOULDN'T CHANGE PLACES WITH THE GUY WHO OWNS A **MILLION** BUCKS, MY FRAN'!







BOY! 2,000  
BUCKS! ARE  
WE RICH!!



WHAT D'YA MEAN  
WE? GET YOUR  
FILTHY PAWS OFF'N  
THAT BOOT-- IT'S  
MINE -- SEE!

BUT, SMOKEY, WE'VE  
BEEN FRIENDS FOR  
YEARS---!



WELL, DIS IS WHERE  
OUR FRAN'SHIP ENDS,  
STINKEY, MY PAL!

GLUB!



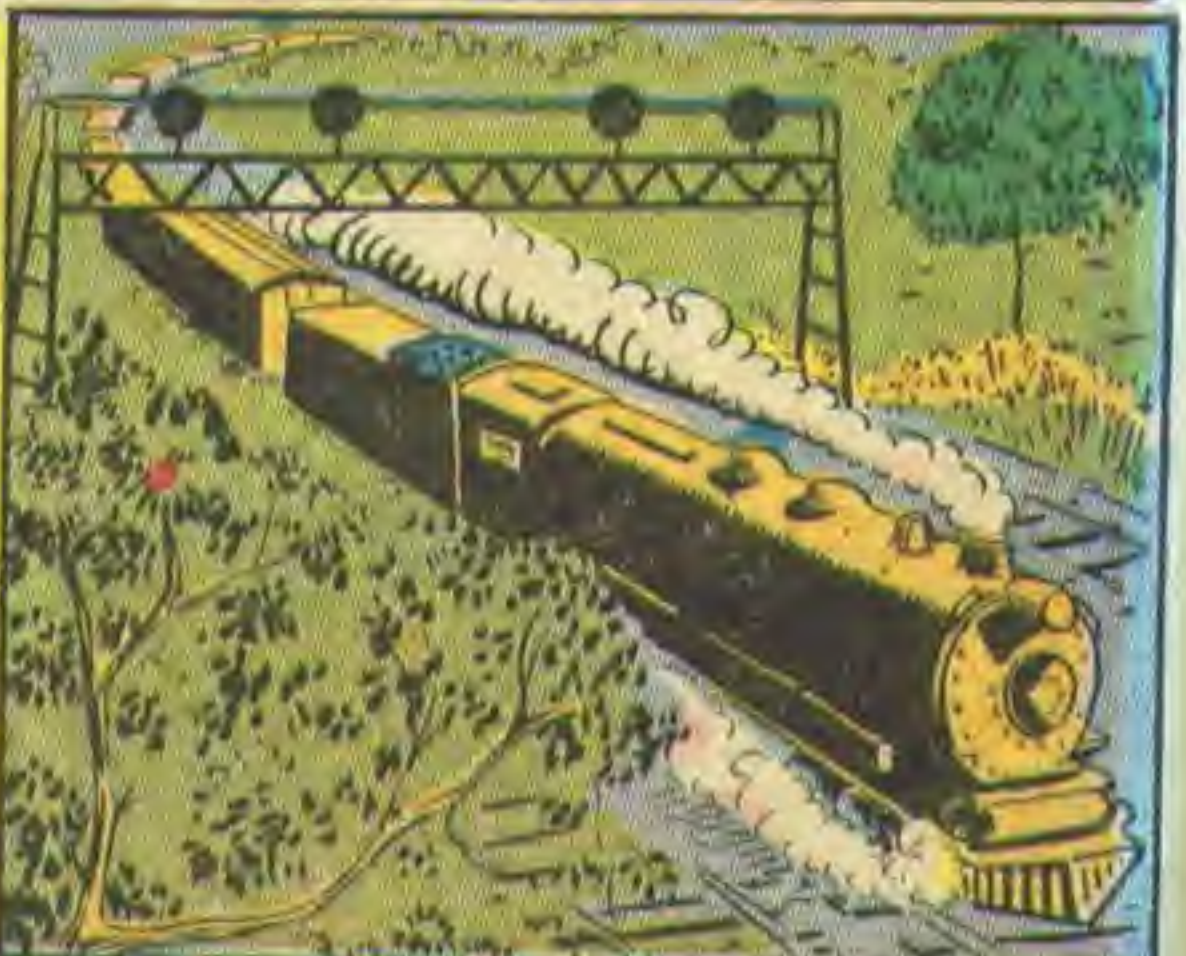
WHAM!

OH YEAH? TAKE  
THAT, FRIEND!

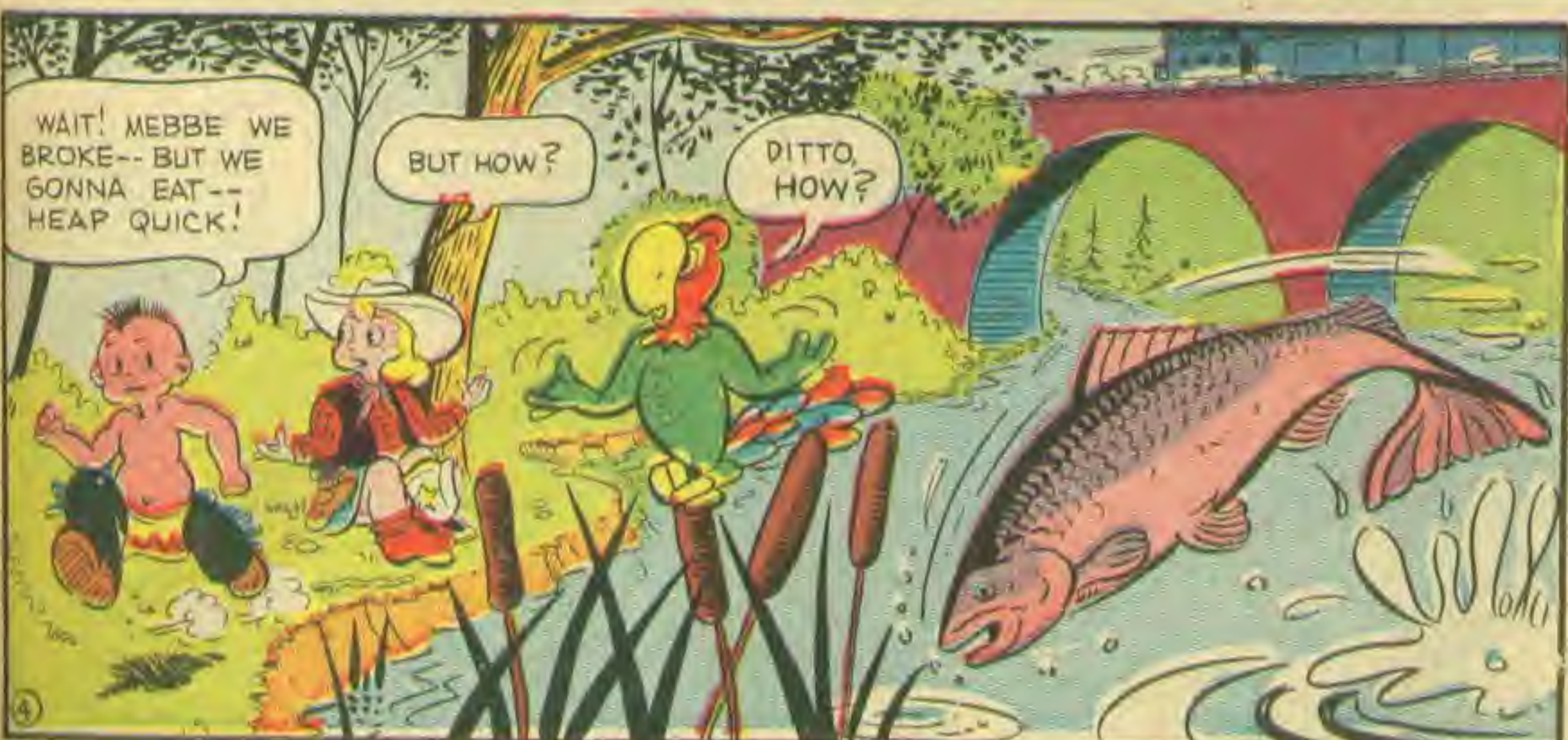
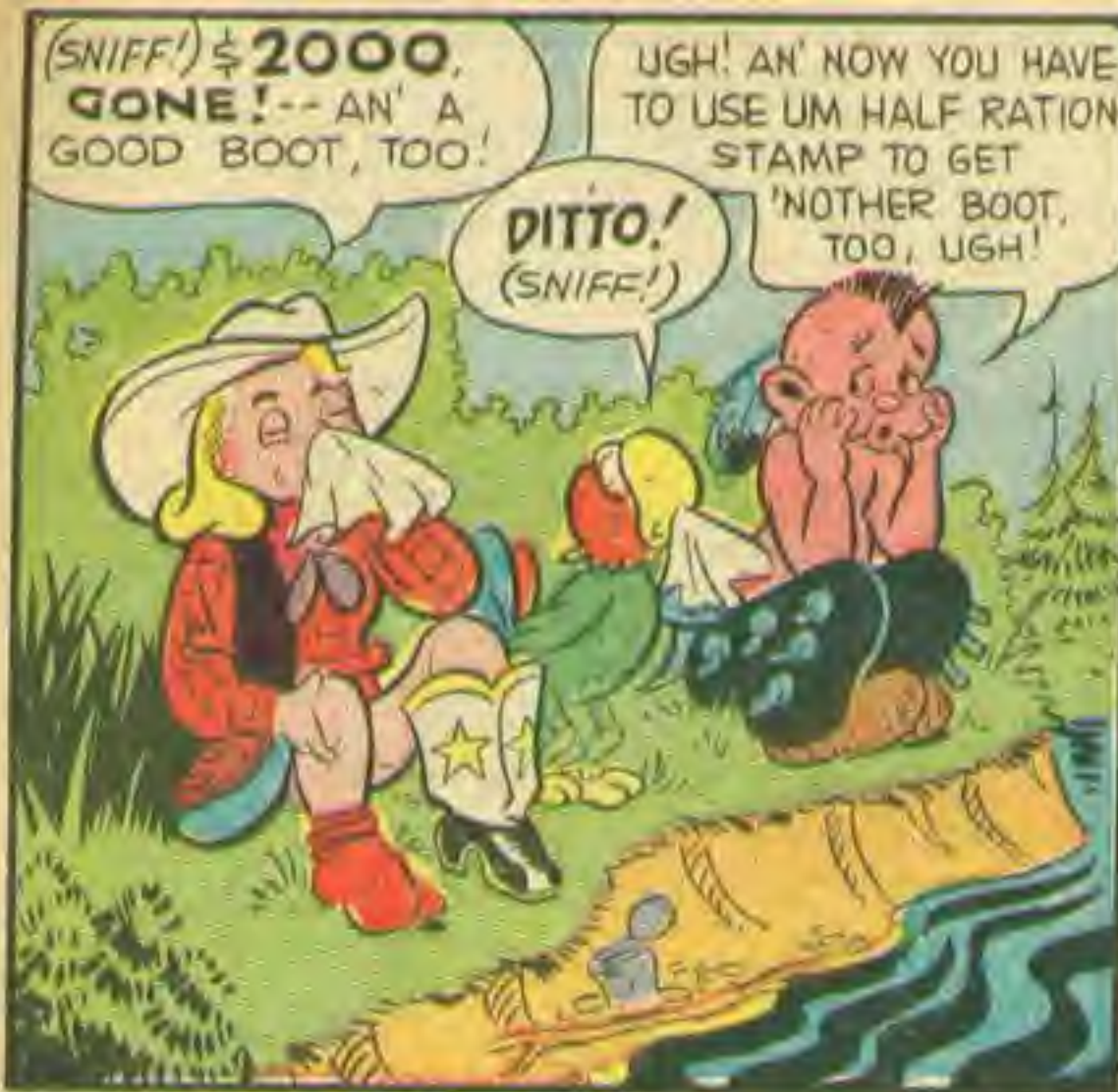
AND AS THE TWO HOBBO CROOKS BATTLE  
LIKE TWO DOGS OVER A BONE-- THE  
\$2000 BOOT FALLS FROM THEIR HANDS



AND THE FREIGHT TRAIN RAMBLES ON---









DOTTUM JUS' TAKE UM TREE  
BRANCH LIKE THIS--AN' PIECE  
O' WIRE FOR HOOK AN' WE ALL  
SET TO HAVE FISH FOR SUPPER!

DITTO!

HO! HO! HEY, GANG,  
LOOK AT THE SET-UP  
TH' KID'S GOT!

YEAH!  
THEY'LL NEVER  
CATCH A  
THING WITH  
THAT!

HEY! YOU'RE IN THE WRONG  
SPOT, BUD, THE FISHING'S SO  
GOOD OUT HERE WE GOTTA  
HIDE DOWN IN THE BOAT  
TO BAIT OUR HOOKS!

YEAH! IT'S SO GOOD WE  
EVEN PUT AN X ON THE  
SIDE OF OUR BOAT TO  
MARK THE SPOT!

UGH! WHAT IF  
YOU GETTUM  
'NOTHER BOAT?

ERNIE MORNINGSTAR

LOOM

LAKE

JULIUS BAHR'S  
BOAT

DON'T PAY NO 'TENTION TO  
THEM, DOTTUM, THEY GOT  
**FISHIN' TACKLE** SO  
MUCH IN THEIR HEAD  
THEIR BRAIN IS  
**REELING!**

UGH!  
ME GOTTUM  
BITE!!

HO! HO! LOOK! THE  
KID'S CAUGHT AN'  
OLD **BOOT!**  
**HO! HO! HO!**



IT'S MAH BOOT!  
-- AN' OUR  
\$2000!!



HEY, GANG, DID YOU HEAR  
THAT? -- \$2000 IN  
THAT OL' BOOT!

\$2000?

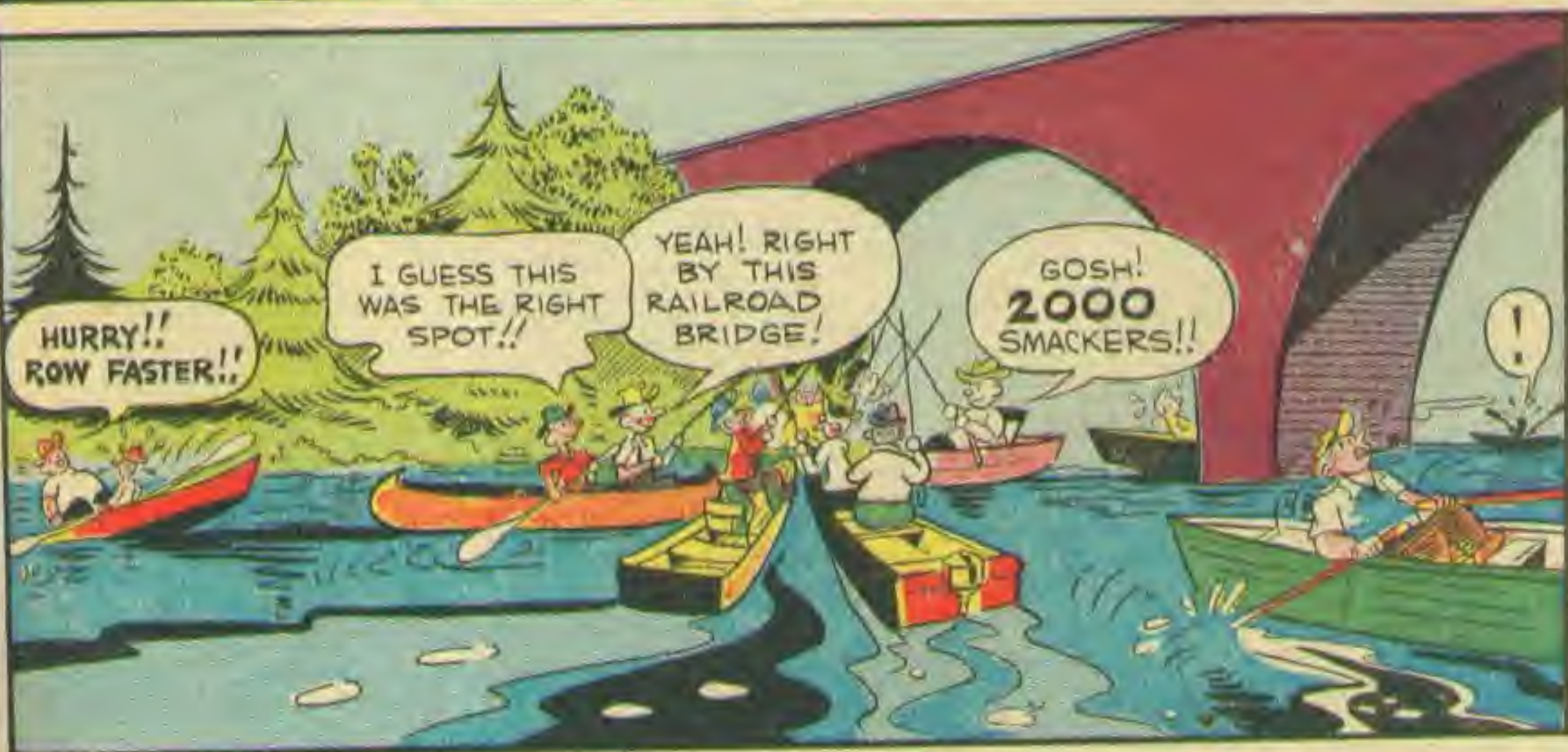


I GUESS THIS  
WAS THE RIGHT  
SPOT!!

YEAH! RIGHT  
BY THIS  
RAILROAD  
BRIDGE!

GOSH!  
2000  
SMACKERS!!

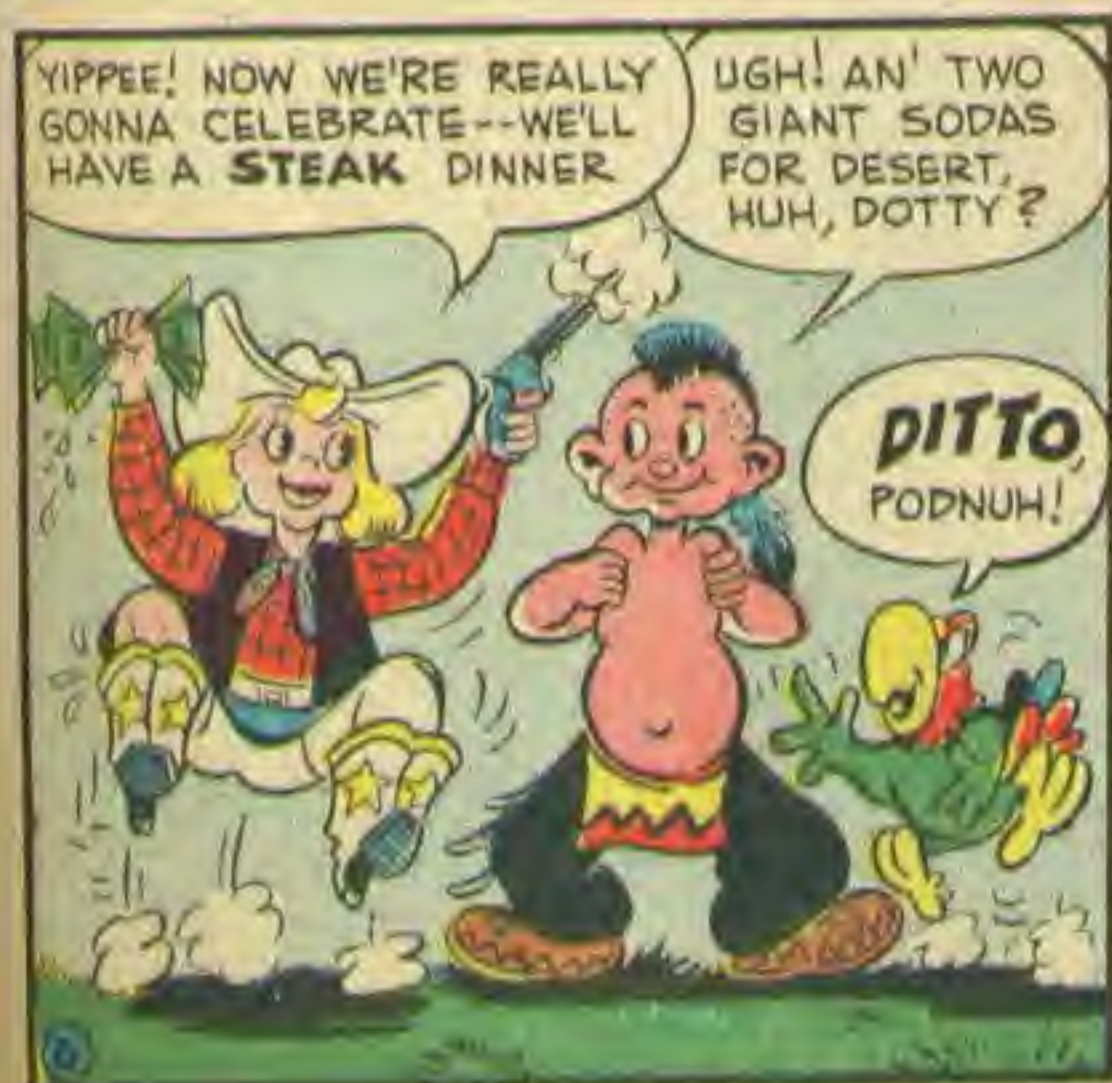
HURRY!!  
ROW FASTER!!



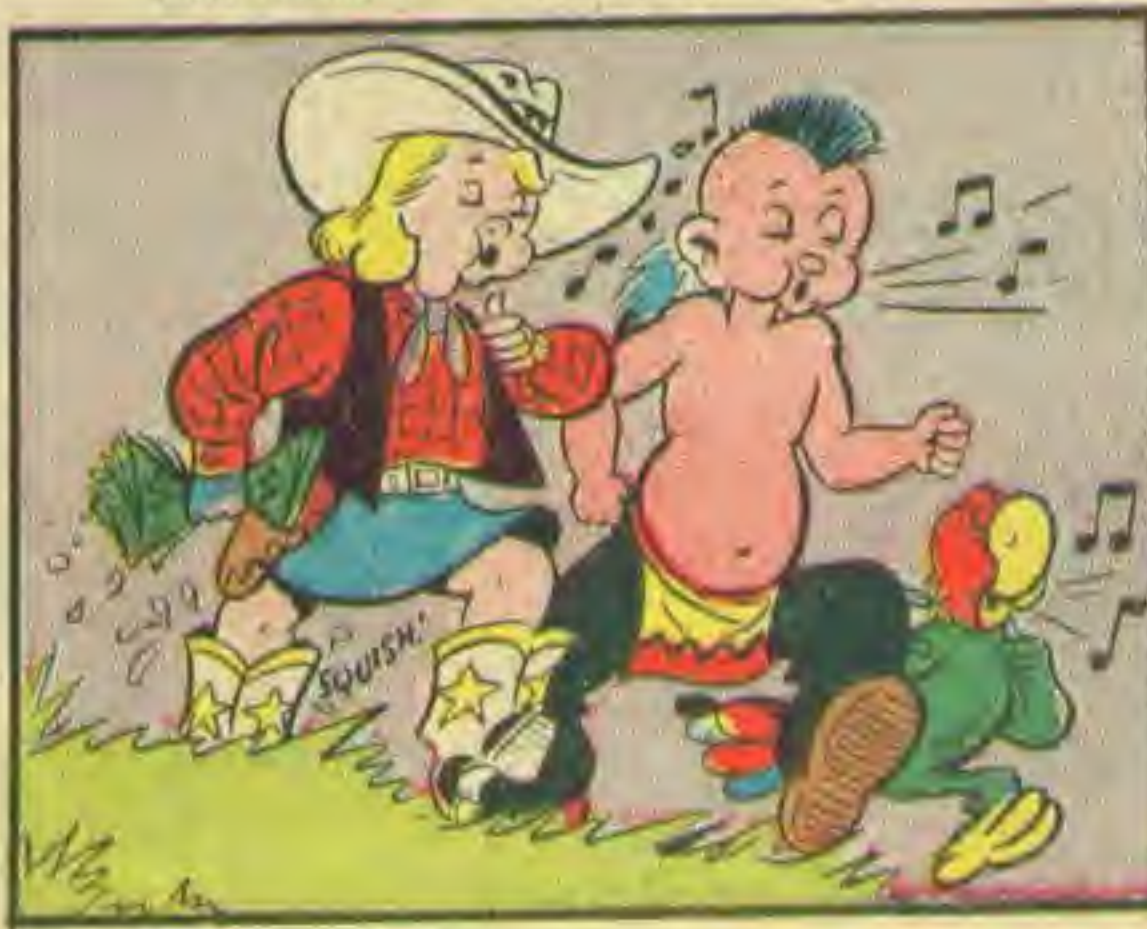
YIPPEE! NOW WE'RE REALLY  
GONNA CELEBRATE--WE'LL  
HAVE A **STEAK** DINNER

UGH! AN' TWO  
GIANT SODAS  
FOR DESERT,  
HUH, DOTTY?

**DITTO**  
PODNUH!



AND DOTTY, DITTO AND DOTTUM GO MERRILY  
WHISTLING AWAY-- BUT THEY WON'T BE SAY  
FOR LONG! -- SEE NEXT ISSUE!





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